



How Broboro Found the Magic Cure.

By E. FRANCIS L'ESTRANGE.

Long ago there lived in the Rocky Mountains a witch named Gronda, who was famed for her magic cures. Far into the East her fame had reached, and the sick white chief, Noflinch, had sent his messengers through the forests and over the vast prairies to the wall of mountains that draw their almost impossible line against the sky. One by one they had returned, footsore and weary, famished and half crazed by the suffering they had endured. The wild beasts had chased them, and the dragon that guarded the entrance to Witch Gronda's cave had driven them away. Chief Noflinch suffered on. The magic cure that alone could save him no man was able to procure.

Chief Noflinch had two sons, Siegfried and Broboro. Siegfried was tall and handsome, with eyes as blue as the sky and hair as golden as corn before reaping. He was careless of danger and always ready to fight his enemies. Broboro was not so tall as his brother. His eyes were dark as midnight and his hair as black as the bill of the raven. He was a quaker, but when there was just cause he stood on the side of justice, and his enemies had reason to remember him.

When Siegfried had attained his twenty-first birthday he told his father that he had resolved to go in quest of the magic cure, and, bending on one knee before him, besought his blessing. Brave Siegfried made his way through forest and prairies, nor did he run from the wild beasts that attacked him, for his trail was marked by their carcasses. The dragon opened his mouth as Siegfried approached, and his great sharp tongue shot forth and darted from side to side as he thought of the gall mouthful of handsome Siegfried would make, but Siegfried buried his spear in the monster's jaws ere the knife-like tongue had pulled back into the green throat. With a muffled roar the dragon shook his long body and sprang at Siegfried. He jumped to one side and sent his spear through the left foreleg of the animal. The beast roared with pain and rage, and Siegfried, fired by daring, approached too near. In a moment the tongue of the monster was fastened in his chest. He staggered back, and with his dirk knife he severed from his chest the piece of flesh in which the beast's fangs were fastened. Loss of blood and the pain caused by the wound forced brave Siegfried to retire.

On his brother's return Broboro gird-



THE DRAGON OPENED HIS MOUTH.

ed himself for the ordeal with the monster and swore to return with the cure. Through forest and prairie he wended his way, nor did he seek to display his prowess with the wild beasts, but spared his strength for the fight with the mighty dragon.

As Broboro approached the dragon raised himself on his forelegs, his sharp gleaming eyes opening and closing in quick succession. His great fangs showed in a contemptuous lifting of the green mouth. Broboro waited for the beast's attack. Slowly the long body moved forward and circled to the right and then to the left of Broboro. Broboro fell back toward a great rock. The



"YOU HAVE SLAIN MY GUARD!"

on the point of the waiting spear. Finally he rolled over on his back and clawed the air. Broboro swung his ax above the dragon's neck, but it sprang out of danger and slunk away, painfully dragging its wounded body over the rough earth. The dragon had evidently fought its last fight. When it reached the low doorway of Witch Gronda's cave it stretched its long body across the entrance and placed its head between its forelegs. Its great body shivered as with cold, then with a mighty green that shook the earth around it lay dead. Witch Gronda appeared at the entrance to her cave as the beast groaned its life away. Her thin, dark face was lighted by two large, dark, angry eyes, and her straight, black hair fell around her shoulders in separated masses.

"You have slain my faithful guard!" she cried. "The dragon blocked entrance to your cave. My father lies sick unto death, and your magic cure only can save him. What care I for your father? Who have I now to protect me?" "My father has suffered for years. We have endured much in trying to effect an entrance to your cave. I beseech you, give me the cure, and if you so will, take my life in return; only give my father your magic cure."

"Your life will not give me back my faithful dragon, but you are a dutiful son and a brave man, and the Great Spirit teaches us to love virtue. Therefore I give you the cure. Speed with it, for your father is near the point of death. Let nothing detain you on the homeward journey. Travel night and day." And thus Broboro saved his father's life.

Bildad the Shuhite.

He began by being just a very small,

eyes, nameless kitten, with a short, wiry black tail at one end of his fat white body and two stiff black ears at the other. He appeared in the hayloft of the barn that belonged to Teddy Hil-

ton's home early one morning, and Teddy, whose mamma had a way of reading fiddle stories to her small boy after he was tucked into his cradle at night, noticed that he belonged to call him "Bildad the Shuhite."

About a month after the advent of the kitten Teddy and his family moved across the river to the village to live. When everything else had been carried over to the new home Teddy and the

stable boy went back in the rowboat for the precious cat family. Now all this happened in the land where oranges, figs, and bananas grow, where little green lizards play tag about the porches and alligators blink on the sand in the sun. Teddy had grown quite used to all these things, even the alligators, which, after all, were rather small affairs—the biggest of them only three or four feet long and not at all fierce-minded. They had never been known to molest anyone. But, however, there is one thing no alligator can resist, that is the sight or sound of a kitten. When the boat put off from shore there was no alligator in sight, but when half way across Bildad grew frightened and set up a terrible mewling, there was a splash from the further bank, and old father alligator himself was seen heading straight for the little kitten.

Teddy squeezed Bildad's head under his short jacket. The man rowed with all his might, but the alligator gained on them steadily. "Throw it over!" called the man from his end of the boat. "I won't!" yelled Teddy, white with fright and ready to cry, but clinging fast to Bildad. The rough blunt nose of the alligator pierced the water only a short distance behind the stern of the boat, where Teddy sat, with the mother cat scathed but silent on the seat beside him.

The shore was only a few yards off, but the man was afraid to risk it. Dropping the oars, with one huge stride he reached for poor Bildad and flung him into the water. Like an arrow his mother sprang after him, and so true and swift was her aim that she reached the water at almost the same spot and moment as her hapless kitten. Seizing him by the back of the neck she put out with all her long, lank might for the nearest point of shore, and reached it. Teddy's heart was in his mouth—only about three seconds before the stiff-skinned, awkward alligator, who had instantly changed his course in pursuit of the mewling kitten. Up the nearest tree scrambled the dripping mother cat, with the skin of Bildad's neck still tight between her teeth, until beyond the reach of man and beast, she dropped him in the crotch of a limb and began to lick her own muddy fur as if nothing unusual had happened.

Landing a little below, Teddy and the man waited till the old alligator grew tired of blinking up at the cats in the tree above him, and went home, at last, without his dinner. Then they coaxed them down and carried them home in triumph. Whether it was because of this adventure or that she did not like the society she found in the village, Teddy could not decide, but for some reason the mother cat soon disappeared and was never seen in Teddy's home again. Bildad held the fort alone, growing in wisdom and cunning as he grew in years. For instance, being especially fond of a dinner of young rabbit, he discovered, by accident or force of nature, that dead things left on the straw in the ichehouse tasted much better for the second meal than when left on the grass in the sun. Thereafter he would take infinite pains to chase his small game under the eaves and over the precipice of the ichehouse, or, failing in this, would drag his dead victim there, sit contentedly in the cool and eat what he wanted, then cover the rest with straw for another meal.

On this island, in 1703, the English held a fort, garrisoned with thirty-five men. The birthday of King George of England came on June 4, and in honor of the day the discipline of the fort was relaxed. Officers and soldiers alike went outside the palisade to watch a great game of ball, to which they had been invited by the Chippewas. That tribe of Indians was to play against the Sacs.

The game, which the Chippewas called baggattaway, was much liked by many Indian tribes. In playing it each side had a post for a station, and the effort of the game was to drive the ball to the opponent's post and keep it from one's own. Naturally it happened that in struggling for the ball the players would be wildly rushing apart at one moment and at another bunched together in a mad crowd. Such a game would offer great opportunity for treachery, and for that reason the Chippewas played it on that day. The morn-

Massacre of Mackinaw.

A HISTORY STORY.

By KATE STEPHENS.

The beautiful island Michillimackinac, or Mackinaw, is about three miles wide. Clear waters of the northern end of Lake Huron shine through its green



THE INDIANS GAVE THE WAR WHOOPEE.

woods to the east. Looking far to the west, you see the northern end of Lake Michigan.

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ing was fair and warm, the gates of the fort were wide open, and the soldiers, mostly without arms, were standing in the open plain watching the ball game. Suddenly the ball flew high in the air and fell near the pickets of the fort.

This was the signal for attack. The Indians changed their cry of the ball game to the howl of the war whoop. Squaws, who had been interested lookers-on of the game, reached "the brave" hatchets, which they had covered with their blankets, and the ball players of a moment before became the desperate assailants of the defenseless English.

Confusion and bloodshed reigned. The Indians filled the fort and tomahawked nearly everyone they could lay hands on. They sacked the houses built within the gates and sheltering women and children and seized whatever of value they could find. At last they came upon the spirits, and upon that which they called "firewater" they became so intoxicated that they could no longer massacre or steal.

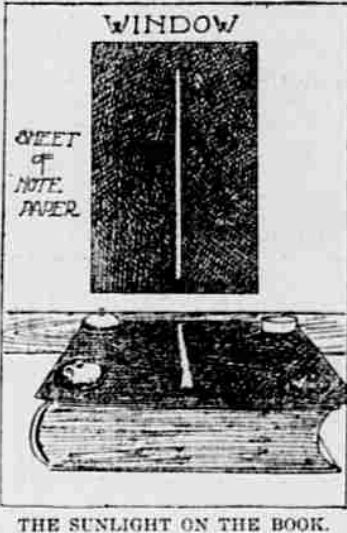
Of the people who perished at Fort Michillimackinac that fair June morning the number is not exactly known. Some say that there were ninety men in the fort, and that of these only twenty escaped.

The End of the World.

A NATURE LESSON.

By CHARLES BARNARD.

The East River is a funny piece of water. All well-behaved rivers run down hill and are never so foolish as to run up hill. The East River runs furiously one way for several hours. Then



THE SUNLIGHT ON THE BOOK.

it stops, as if undecided what to do next. Then, off it goes the other way, waggling this way and that in the most

singularly manner every day in the year. Its little brother, the Harlem River, behave in the same way. The East River is not a river. It is an arm of the sea. Its currents are the rise and the fall of the tides, and the strange thing about the East River is that it is helping to bring on the end of the world.

Take a sheet of note paper and measure one inch from the top and put a dot on the paper exactly half way from each side. Fold the paper lengthwise to find the middle. Then do the same at the bottom. Then with a ruler draw from dot to dot two parallel lines on-eighth inch apart. Cut these lines out with a penknife, leaving a long, narrow slit in the paper. Paste the paper to the glass of a window facing south, resting the lower edge on the sash bar. Then place a large flat book on the window seat behind the paper and on it lay a sheet of white paper and keep it in place with paperweights. Have all these things ready by 9 in the morning of a clear, bright day.

By 5 o'clock the paper on the glass will cast a shadow and soon a slender bar of sunlight, pointing to the right, will appear on the shadow. With a pen, mark the position of this bar of light on the paper resting on the book. Look at the clock and mark the time at the end of the mark. Wait an hour and look at the bar of light. It has moved to the left. Mark its position and the time and do this once an hour till after 4 o'clock. By this time it will be swinging far around to the left. If not convenient to do this every hour, do it between 9 and 10 and at noon and between 3 and 4. If done once an hour the paper will be covered with marks placed like the sticks of a fan.

These ray-like marks appear to prove that the sun changed its position every hour of the day. Our eyes deceive us. The sun did not move. The paper, the glass, the house itself moved, having one way at 9 and turning another way round by 2 o'clock. Making such a record brings clearly before us the fact that it is the whole great star on which we live that swings around day and night without stopping an instant. If the white bar in our little experiment should stop we would know the earth had stopped. We would perhaps never know it, for it would be the end of us and the whole business. One-half the earth would have an everlasting day, hot day and the other half would freeze up in everlasting night.

Will it ever stop? We now think it will, because it is like a car wheel with a brake, and we know that the brake stops the wheel. The East River is a part of the brake on the rolling world. The furious tides that rush through the East River come in from the sea, and move west toward our coast. They can go no farther, and build in eddying whirls through furious Hell gate. The world is rolling over toward the east and meeting the tides. The westward moving tide pushes against the eastward moving surface of the earth, and all this fury of water in the East River is acting as a brake on the world and holding it back. There's no hurry about it all. Millions of years may pass before the tide brake slows down the terrific speed of our world, which, but some day, ages from now, the world will stop, and that will be the end.

Blindfold Artists.

A RECESS GAME.

When the recess bell has sounded its welcome ding-a-ling, let a dozen or so of you go into a room where there is a blackboard, and take seats in a row facing it, for you are going to have a drawing contest, and the blackboard is the field where you are to display your skill. Someone must be selected as director of the contest, but not necessarily as the judge.

When the board has been cleaned off from one end to the other, the contest begins by the director's calling on the player at the head of the row to come to the board. Then he blindfolds the player with a handkerchief, places him in front



THE PICTURES WILL BE FUNNY.

of the left-hand end of the board, and, giving him a piece of chalk, tells him to draw on the board a picture of a horse. This the player does to the best of his ability, but no matter how careful he may be, every line he draws will make the other players about with laughter; and no one will laugh louder than the player himself when the handkerchief has been taken from his eyes and he sees the funny picture he has made.

Then the next player is called up, and the director so places him that his drawing will be just to the right of the first one; and so the contest goes on until all the players have made their drawings. If you have ever tried to draw a picture with your eyes shut you can imagine what a queer lot of horses they will be.

There are two ways of deciding the contest—one is to let the director say who has made the best drawing and who has made the worst; the other is to

GLADYS AT THE ZOO

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AS GLADYS HAD BEEN GOOD AT KNEW. AND ALL HER KNEW. HER PAPA SAID ON SATURDAY "I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE ZOO!" AND SO WHEN SATURDAY CAME 'ROUND SHE STARTED WITH HER PA AND AS IT WAS TOO FAR TO WALK THEY RODE THERE IN A

THE ZOO, YOU KNOW, IS IN A PARK

WHERE THERE ARE MANY

LIKEWISE A PRETTY LITTLE LAKE

WHERE THE SWANUMBER THEY PLEASE

AND GLADYS SAW AN IRON

WHICH SHE AND PA PASSED THROUGH

OH! AIN'T THEY LOVELY? GLADYS CRIES

AS SOME CAME IN VIEW

AND NEXT SHE SAW AN TALL

NOW PAPA, GLADYS SAID

WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH SUCH BIG LEGS

FOR SUCH A LITTLE HEAD?

THE OSTRICH WINKED HIS LITTLE

AND THEN HE WINKED AWAY

I'VE NEVER ON MY HAT

SAID GLADYS, "ANY WAY"

OH! NOW THE MADE HER LAUGH

THEY WERE SO CUTE AND BRIGHT

AN GLADYS GAVE TO ONE

THEN CAME A COMIC SIGHT

THEY CHASED EACH OTHER 'ROUND THE

AND FOUGHT EACH OTHER, TOO

AND WHEN AT LAST THEY PASSED FOR BREATH

NO APPLE WAS IN VIEW

THE WERE FULL OF FUN

AND CUTTED EACH OTHER GOOD

BY AND BY OF

WAS GIVEN THEM FOR FOOD

THE BEARS SLEPT IN A OF STONE

THAT LOOKED BOTH CLEAN AND NICE

PA SAID THE BEARS WERE FOND OF CAKE

THAT IS-A CAKE OF

THE WAS AWFUL BIG

AND VERY FRIENDLY, TOO

IT TOOK AN FROM HER

AND NOBBED "THANKS TO YOU"

THE ALMOST FRIGHTENED HER

HE GAVE SUCH MIGHTY ROARS

AND, GLADYS, SHE WAS VERY GLAD

SHE WAS NOT NEAR HIS

SOME VERY PRETTY SHE SAW

RED, GOLDEN, GREEN AND BLUE

A WHO STOOD SEDATE

AND NOISY TOO

THE PARROTS WENT FROM T TO T

MADE SUCH A FEARFUL ROW

I GUESS THE HUNGRY, GLADYS SAID

AND WANT THEIR NOW

TWO CUNNING PLAYING TAG

A AND A CUB

SOME FAST ASLEEP

BESIDE A CONCRETE

THERE WAS A

ALSO A WHO KEPT CHANGING SPOTS

BY WALKING TO AND FRO

AND LOTS, AND LOTS, OF OTHER BEASTS

DID LITTLE GLADYS SEE

TO TELL YOU ALL WOULD FILL A

AS BIG, AS BIG, COULD BE

WHEN SHE GOT HOME TO THAT NIGHT

SHE TALKED THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH

TILL MAMA AND THE BOYS RESOLVED

TO GO AND SEE THE ZOO.

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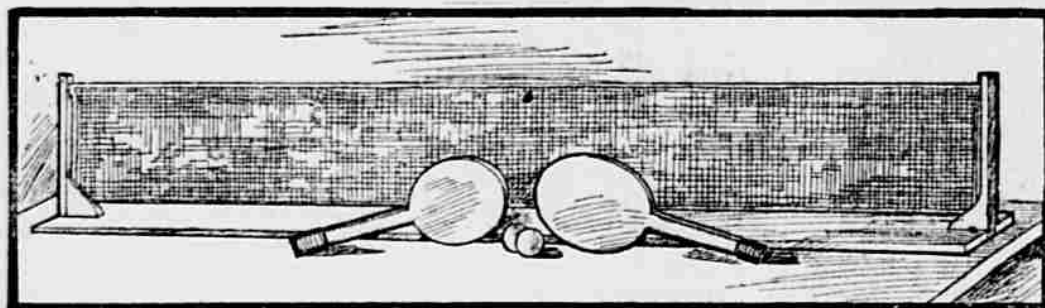
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How to Make a Ping-Pong Set.



A HOMEMADE PING-PONG SET.

Of course our little friends have heard all about the popular new game of ping-pong, and many of them are expert players, no doubt. Lots of them would become expert if they had a chance to play, and of this number very many are so placed that they are unable to get a ping-pong set. Here is a way to make one of your own that you can have lots of fun with, and which, of course, you will value more highly than a purchased one.

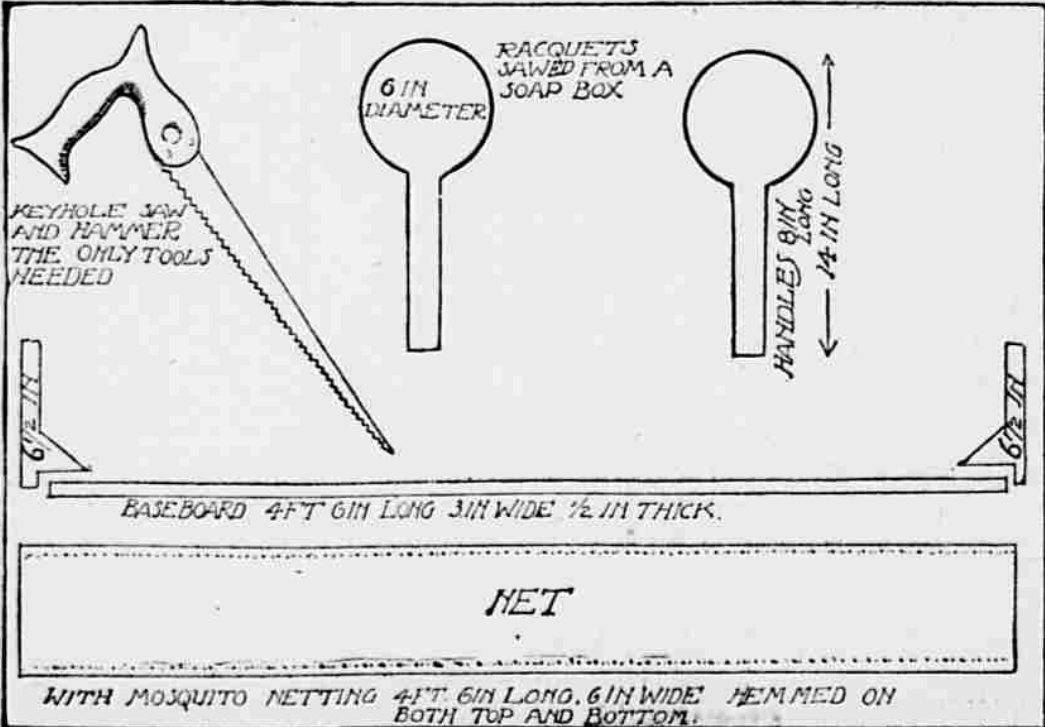
For less than 25 cents it is quite easy to manufacture a ping-pong set quite the equal in all essential points of the most expensive sold in stores.

The net is of mosquito netting, white by preference, although green with a

top band of white tape is more attractive in appearance. This should be four and a half feet long and six inches wide, and hemmed on top and bottom. The net is supported by two wooden posts, half an inch square, cut from the top or side of a soap box, each having a foot-like projection on one side to strengthen it. These posts are nailed, one on either end of a strip of thin board four and a half feet long and three inches wide. This arrangement does away with the necessity for clamps. The net is stretched on a piece of light wire running from post to post.

The racquets are cut from the top or side of a soap box with a compass saw. Such a saw can be bought for 15 cents.

The wood should be sound and free from knots, and not more than half an inch thick. The face of the racquet is six inches in diameter, more or less. Some players prefer it round, as in the illustration; others, and by far the greater number, like an oval or oblong shape. The handles should be eight inches long. After sawing, trim the edges of the handles with a penknife, but care should be taken not to trim them too much, or the reduction in the weight will spoil the "balance" of the racquet. An inverted saucer will serve as a pattern to mark out a circle for sawing. Balls must be purchased at a store. They cost 1 cent each. Two will do to begin with.



WITH MOSQUITO NETTING 4 FT. 6 IN. LONG, 6 IN. WIDE, HEMMED ON BOTH TOP AND BOTTOM.

Professor Polly's Paradox.

Hey diddle diddle! Wholl tell me, I pray,
How I could have lost what I've never had today?
If I had had it, I could not have lost it,
But though I've not had it, I've lost it, I say.

Hey diddle diddle! Wholl answer my riddle?
With patience you'll find it. Pray keep it alway.
Virginia King Frye.

Helen's "Boosin" Fly.

A little three-year-old of my acquaintance, whose quick wit is the admiration of her friends, sat one evening watching an industrious spider spinning its web in a window corner. She watched the insect intently for a time, and, turning to her father, asked:

"What is the spider doing, papa?"

"It is making a web, dear."

"What